

SPEND SOME FREE TIME WITH ME AND MY FRIENDS.

HIGH SOCIETY

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Michael is coming over at two and he's bringing his big cock. I know he's fucked a whole lot of women, but that's okay, I've fucked a whole lot of men. So, when two good fucks get together, there's bound to be a good fuck between them.



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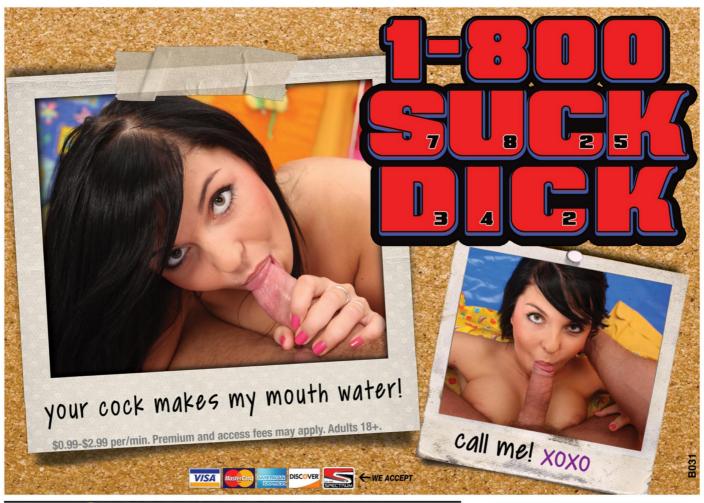
























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A CONDUCTOR DISCOVERS THAT RIDING ANOTHER GIRL IS THE BEST WAY TO GET WHERE SHE NEEDS TO GO

It was an ungodly hour of night when I appeared at her door, one of many doors on that sleeping car. All was quiet; most of the passengers aboard were asleep. Heavy iron wheels rolling over an endless length of iron tracks with a soft clacking sound was all I could hear. Checking the number on the door a final time, I knocked almost inaudibly as promised earlier.

"Come in, please," a clear, soft, and husky feminine voice called from within.

I did, pausing at the door's threshold. I found her sitting alone on the vinyl seat near the bed, beneath dim lighting. Her carelessly removed skirt and blouse lay in a pool on the floor. An empty glass rested near them. She was very lovely; from the first moment I saw her, I'd had the impression she was an actress or fashion model. I spoke to her in a low tone, my voice calm, professional. "I'm just checking to see if you're okay. Are you, Miss?"

"I'm fine," she purred. Her smile was dazzling. She was wearing only a very sheer pink lace bralette and matching G-string bikini panties. Her thin red lips were curled invitingly, and I was warmed all over by her presence. "And the correct term of address for me is 'Ma'am', not 'Miss'. And yes, I'd like you to help me by bringing me another drink, please."

I smiled wryly. At half past midnight, I had noticed that she had consumed too much champagne in the dining car. I literally had to carry her to her sleeping quarters, and left her with the promise to return later. I was really surprised to find her still awake. I had no doubt that she was still intoxicated. To begin with, she was mistaking me, the train conductor, for a waitress.

"I'm sorry, the bar has closed," I replied. She reclined in her seat, facing me with her legs parted and I couldn't help but see her small, high-pointing breasts. Her big nipples bulged erectly against the filmy fabric. Without conscious thought I noted her sexy bikini panties, and a sudden wild shiver rushed through me when I considered the treasure concealed beneath the garment.

"Oh, dear." She exhaled a short sigh of regret. I completely entered the room, closing the door behind me. Maybe I'd help her get into bed and sleep off the effects of the champagne. She possessed such soft blue eyes, and a small, sharp nose. A thin film of perspiration made her skin glow with healthiness. Fine, wavy hair the color of honey settled wonderfully around her youthful face, flowing on her shoulders. I figured her age to be in the mid-thirties. I was in my late twenties, but nowhere near as attractive.

As far as I was concerned, another drink was the last thing she needed at this time. But she asked, "Isn't there anything you can do?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Ma'am."

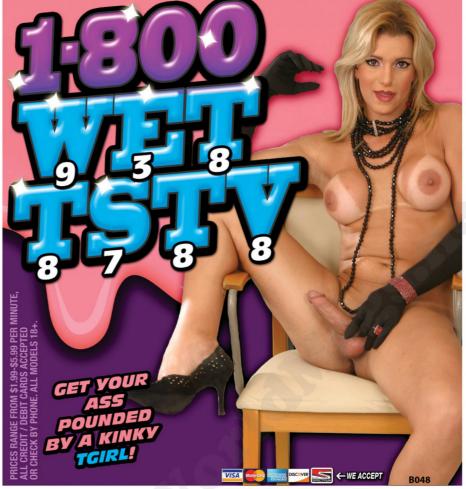
"Call me Clarissa," she breathed. I stared again at her smooth, parted thighs. But why? I wasn't that kind of girl, aching to get into another girl's pants. I'd never felt the urge before, but here I was, starting to think such hot, forbidden thoughts. Her voice broke into my musing. "All my friends call me Clarissa."

"Okay, Clarissa...let's see if we can help you get safely into b—"

I paused in mid-speech, unable to remove my eyes from her as she silently reclined a little farther. The lids







of her eyes seemed to become heavy, dreamy, as her head rolled back to rest against the seat cushion. Her legs kept parting wider, the lower she reclined. And the lower she sat, the more I could see it...the soft, puffy mound of her cunt right through her panties, so beautiful and inviting. The total picture was so lovely that I was absolutely stunned, watching as if I couldn't get enough of it. I wondered if she was trying to tell me something.

"You want to get me into bed?" The red-tipped fingers of her hand moved slowly, to rest on the smooth, flat surface of her tummy. Idly she began to caress the area of her navel, teasing the tiny hairs just below it while she breathed. I found it hard to gather my thoughts. My gaze became rapt as I could only observe the fingers moving down slowly, openly to the lace waistband of her panties. Another strong pang of hot excitement ran suddenly through me, impossible to ignore now. What was happening here, I wondered. She asked again. "You wanna...tuck me in?"

An easy question, but not so easy to answer, as my lustful mind swam with thoughts. I didn't know what was going on; all I knew was I had this fantastic urge to hold, kiss, and touch her all over. The feeling was wild and undeniable, and I grew incredibly wet. Never had I experienced such a powerful sexual attraction for anyone. Filled with surging physical emotion, I stood at the door of decision, a little bit scared as I watched her fingertips teasing the elastic band, then slipping under it.

"Um...maybe I'd better le—"

"Nonsense!" she interrupted me, letting her fingers slide into the fine golden hair of her cunt mound and linger there, as if she were deciding whether to go on or not. Her movements were those of one who had no inhibitions, while I swallowed nervously, barely able to breathe. What did I think I was doing? Did I forget who I was and where? And most importantly, did I really have the nerve to cross the line I'd never dared to cross before, with a total stranger? I was very attracted to her, but did I really want to...tuck her in?

I kept looking at her, my curious stare traveling up her well-curved body from her hot cunt to pause at the excited nipples of her firm breasts, which were still restrained by her mini-bra. Finally I let my eyes rise to her wonderful smiling face. Our eyes met for an eternal moment and became locked in an open, very mutual stare. I blushed and teased my own blond locks with a nervous finger, a little embarrassed. I knew she could read my intense inner desire for her.

"What's your name, honey?" she murmured, keeping her eyes on mine. Her fingers caressed her soft, hot triangle, moving ever so slowly back and forth near the top of her cunt-slit.

"Lil...um, Lillian," I whispered, as my body began to tremble. My gaze dropped boldly down to her buried hand again, watching her fingertips reach farther and farther into the skimpy material of her G-string panties. The garment was now so wet that her white fingers were visible beneath it. And I could see two of them hovering just above the hard nubbin of her clit.

"A very pretty name." Another hot pang of excitement jolted me when I realized that she was the type who got turned on by being watched. I knew I should've bolted out the door and fled, but I couldn't. I was absolutely rooted to the spot I stood in, feeling strange and so terribly hot. My own nipples had grown hard and achy under my blouse, in need of a gentle touch. I was grateful that my uniform jacket concealed them as she spread her legs even more. "A pretty name, for a pretty lady."

"Thank you," I purred, feeling my pulse start racing and my breathing grow labored. Her breaths matched mine, but her expression remained relaxed as her fingertips were caressing the entire cleft of her cunt, fondling



the wet pink lips within. She was now moving them in tight, very slow circles over her stiff clit, manipulating it in a practiced manner that made me gasp with need. Her red lips were parted a little and her eyes closed as the delicious feelings gradually mounted. But did I dare to go on?

She groaned softly, her free hand reaching upward to her breasts. Her drifting fingertips slid over them both, gently massaging the nipples through the thin material of her bralette. Before my startled gaze, they began to grow longer, thicker as they strained against her palm.

A hot shiver ran through me; I knew how sweet such caresses could be whenever I touched myself in private. To watch her was like looking into a mirror—I remembered being so hot and ready. Her nipples seemed to get even harder as her fingertips traced the throbbing nipple in slow, provocative circles that made my mouth

water. I knew that if I didn't leave right now, I couldn't be responsible for my actions. Breaking out in a sweat, I turned my face away from the irresistible spectacle.

"So nice," she panted, touching herself, making me tremble with need. I looked around the room, acting all innocent, but who was I kidding? I liked what I saw, and we both knew it. Wetting my dry lips with my tongue, I stared as her hips started lunging forward.

As if I weren't even there, she indulged herself, caressing harder and faster, her breathing rapid, shivery. It was going to happen, and pretty soon! Helplessly I stared, so used to being in charge and in control. Now I was at a loss for words and without the power to stop her.



Nor was I sure if I ever really wanted to.

The urge to join her seemed to overwhelm me, as Clarissa began shuddering on the brink of her release. I watched her dip a finger into her steamy cunt once, twice. Her back arched wickedly as she dipped it a third time, drawing in a long, very sharp breath.

And then I stood riveted as she exhaled a long, drawnout groan of pleasure. Her orgasm blasted wildly through her in a fit of shivery waves. It reverberated uncontrollably, and I was finally able to draw nearer, an expression of concern on my face as she rubbed her cunt. The moment I leaned close, the clean, hot scent of her body filled my nostrils. Her hips were still rotating excitedly.

When the waves faded away, she reclined weakly in her seat. Finally I found my voice: "Are you all right?"

"Sure," she breathed, coming to life again. "But are you?"

Wrapping an arm around her shoulder, I was awestruck and horny, my eyes half-closed, as she let me pull her to her feet. She had drawn her hand from her soaked panties and traced my lips with a finger, allowing me to get a whiff of her cunt's sweet aroma. I began to sigh again and again, my gasps brushing her panting lips as we stood face-to-face. The scent of her breath still had the delicate flavor of champagne, and she gently grazed my lips with hers. Before I realized it, she did it again, and my desire blazed with such intensity that my head swam.

With a sudden pang of concern, I turned my head from side to side to break the kiss. I had to clear my head, but I couldn't, as a wild thrill raced through me. I couldn't believe I had allowed another girl to kiss me like a boy, and now I could feel her fingers unfastening the brass buttons of my uniform jacket. I couldn't resist her, nor did I want to, as I felt the jacket being slipped from my arms to the carpet. It was happening, and I was going along for the ride.

Clarissa made me feel so warm, so wanted, so safe. I could feel her stiff nipples brushing mine through my blouse and knew she wouldn't stop until she had me naked. "Wh—what are we...doing?" I gasped, feeling her slowly rotating hips grind her hot cunt into mine.

"You're tucking me into bed," she purred. "I mean... that's what you came here to do, isn't it?"

"Yes."

She kissed me again, this time longer, with more passion. She made me open my mouth, excitedly tasting my trembling lips. At the same time, she took my hands and made me embrace her. Our bodies seemed to melt into each other, and I savored this hot and very unique experience. Flowing with it, I closed my eyes completely and let my palms move downward, smoothing over her delicious, high buns. Her tongue searched for, located, and swirled around mine until I was shivering breathlessly.

"But I'm still on duty."

"Mmmmm...you sure are." Her hands were so sure, so knowing as they unfastened my blouse. My swelling tits thrust forward, eager to be released from my confining bra. She pulled the tail of my blouse out of the waistband of my skirt, and it soon joined my jacket. Excitement and the anticipation of what would happen next had me giddy.

I could've swooned the moment she reached up, her palms cupping the smooth, firm weight of my breasts through my bra. Deep red nails traced the swell of my upstanding nipples until I gasped, the juices of my desire helplessly overflowing into my panties. I let her fondle them. The room had become so hot, I ached to be naked and in her arms. Clarissa kept on rubbing her gyrating hips against me, repeatedly conveying her unspoken intentions. Now she was releasing the button of my skirt, pulling at the small zipper tab, and I moaned softly, so ready.

The loosened skirt slipped from my hips. We were nearly naked together, and my hands were starting to develop a mind of their own, caressing her smooth, creamy skin. I wanted her now like I'd never wanted anyone

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before, unable to stop my constant panting as she released the clasp of my bra. My back arched a little when she peeled the bra away from my bouncing breasts and slipped it off my arms. Before I knew it, she had taken the weight of my boobs into her fondling palms, letting her fingers tease the hard pink nipples. A low growl of desire rumbled in my throat and—oh, no!—I was pressing my cunt into hers in a brazen manner.

"Yes, honey," she purred like a cat, drawing me out until I felt willing to do most anything with her. "Just let go."

I felt her tongue slipping into my mouth, the tip swirling as she slipped a hand down to the juncture between my trembling thighs. She was feeling my hot cunt mound, boldly massaging lower and lower. I moaned, my hips moving in little circles of need, wanting her to continue. I've had a few boyfriends in my life, but never have I felt so turned on by them, so free to act out my deepest desires as I now did with her.

Such feathery, knowing fingertips were rubbing my cunt, touching the slippery pink lips and stiff clit through my panties. The steamy, circular caresses kept stoking my inner fire, and I groaned into her mouth while savoring the sweet, moist contact of our flesh.

With growing confidence I parted my legs a little farther, letting my hips revolve in a sensuous rhythm with her fingers. Really getting into stimulating my cunt, she slipped the panties' drenched crotch aside and pressed her fingers into my wet hole, then twirled her fingers a little harder and quicker on my hot clit. I moaned urgently, my hips thrusting forward as I stared through half-closed eyes at the sight of Clarissa's lips kissing my left breast. I could feel the moist heat of her tongue sliding excitedly around the pink flesh of my hard nipple, each lick around the dark halo igniting every nerve ending in the area.

Then she was taking the nipple deep into the warmth of her mouth, sucking it the way I like it. The sensations were soothing and wild all at the same time! Wicked, delicious tingles of my oncoming orgasm kept getting stronger, and I found it difficult to keep standing when she repeated her acts on the other nipple. I began to gasp as if on the verge of a major explosion, and she led me to her bed.

"You've gotten me so excited," I panted with urgency, climbing onto the soft mattress and rolling onto my back. Watching me with caressing eyes, Clarissa joined me, getting very close. If we were being overheard, I no longer cared. I was so hot at that point that all I wanted was just to reach a very intense orgasm right away. Leaning over me, she began to kiss a wandering path down my body, lingering just below my navel.

"I knew you liked me," she whispered, smiling. I was already bucking my hips, conveying my passionate, unspoken message of desire. Her gentle kisses on the sweaty skin of my quivering lower belly had me almost there. I had to fight back the wild urge to scream in pleasure, by holding it in my throat as a stifled growl. My breaths were coming fast and hot, my eyes closing as I started to

swoon on the verge, and in response I carelessly threw my long legs wide apart. Kissing the wet lips of my cunt with light pecks, she abruptly let her tongue stretch erotically into the pink heat between them. The tip of it met the raging flesh of my clit, slowly grazing it into orbit.

"Oh, yeah! That's it!" I groaned in abandon, feeling the shattering atomic blast of my climax instantly charge through me. I didn't mean to, but I just couldn't control the sudden rude thrusting motions of my hips, caused by my desperate need to maintain the sweet contact of her hungry mouth with my cunt. I reached down; my hands clutching at her shoulders. I moaned joyfully as wave upon shivery wave swept through me. I soon collapsed in a heap, weak but hardly sated, my chest rising



and falling with my deep breaths as she peeled my panties from my body.

"You made me come," I sighed happily, rolling her onto her back. "No girl has ever...."

"I may be the first, but I doubt that I'll be the last." She stretched luxuriously and smiled. "I've been doing this with pretty girls since long before I got married, and I have no intention of stopping. I love to make girls feel good."

"But we're perfect strangers." I reached over and began to caress her.

"Yes, I know, Clarissa whispered, her beautiful body starting to respond as I let my gentle palm slide across the firm twin peaks of her lush breasts. My plan was to slowly feel her up right through her lingerie, then make her shiver with pleasure after getting her naked. "That's what excites me so much!"

"Come closer," I breathed as the room's temperature seemed to rise all of a sudden, and we became feverish in our hunger. I leaned over to kiss her, to give her some of the same intense pleasure she had so patiently given me. Tasting her tongue, I reached to slip the delicate straps of her bralette from her creamy shoulders. Arching her back, she allowed me to release the clasp and tug the filmy garment from her body. Her pert breasts sprang into view, the long, dark nipples standing up nice and hard.

"Oh, Lillian," she purred in a husky tone, "you're so tender."

I couldn't reply—I was busily kissing a trail of love to an erect nub. Her soft groan of approval reached my



ears as I began to kiss, then suck each one into my hot mouth in turn, until she was writhing in her need. My wandering fingers traced wicked patterns down her body, leaving no area untouched except for the place she most wanted me to touch. She opened her legs very wide, lying flat on her back, and her hips lunged off the mattress in the effort to make contact with my slowly massaging hand. I ached to tear off her panties and get into eating her cunt, but I knew it was best to make her wait, no matter how provocatively she twisted in bed.

"Someone's kinda eager," I huffed, letting my fingertips tease that sensitive area of skin at the waistband of her panties. She groaned urgently, her crotch leaping upward, but I still wouldn't touch it. I knew she was hot and horny, that she was all wet and swollen, that just a graze of my finger on her clit would set her off, so I was very careful. I wanted to do this just right. I kissed the

other hard, nearly crimson nipple, licking the halo surrounding it like the finest ice cream cone available as she fought to catch her breath.

"Honey," she begged with eyes tightly shut. "Honey, please."

My own body was responding to her raging lust, and I felt that wild urge to come as my hand inched into the tiny waistband. Her cunt rose sharply off the bed the moment my fingers slid slowly over her humid cunt hair. My clit was pulsing excitedly as I inhaled our combined sexual scents. Clarissa's jumping cunt drew my caressing hand right to it, and then I was rubbing the full lips of it! The long, hoarse cry of pleasure tore instantly from her throat as she exploded, her body quivering and bucking as my fingers located her rigid love pearl, twirling it erotically.

"I'm gonna do it...oh, again!" she sighed wantonly, allowing me to give her pleasure. I pressed a stiff finger into her wet hole, then brought it back to her clit and she gasped, feeling that wild throbbing of her climax rushing through her. By now I was all hot and excited again, aching to have her mouth on my cunt. She made me so wet that as soon as her tremors grew calm I peeled her panties off and rolled on top of her.

Clarissa placed a pillow under her head as I parted my legs as wide as I could, placing my own face in her moist bush. A horny groan reached me as I felt her palms sliding over my soft buns, pulling my cunt down to her mouth. I was so eager to taste her juices and could wait no longer. Lowering my mouth, I let my tongue slither out and began licking her clit with torrid strokes, tasting her cunt, loving her smell. She groaned and stuffed her face into my hot cunt in response, eating my clit expertly.

I moaned along with her, licking, being licked and sucked. A fingertip nudged its way into my hole, moving in and out until I was delirious with pleasure, hovering at the brink of another wild explosion. My hips became fluid as I fucked my cunt down to her, feeling her tongue swirling around my clit until I couldn't stand it. At the point of coming, I let out a shuddering yet muffled wail and sucked her pink lips into my mouth as far as I could. She shoved her tongue into my hole, and I came so strong!

I momentarily broke contact with her cunt with a sound smack of my lips.

"Give it to me!" I demanded hotly, thrusting my face back down as I shivered in pleasure. She lifted her legs very high, gyrating her hips as if she'd lost her mind. My tongue plunged into her hole in a sensual fuck rhythm, grinding my face against her wet heat. Her thrust grew faster, erratically shoving upward again and again until she screamed into my crotch. The wicked detonation took possession of her, thundering through her. I continued licking.

We remained together for another hour or so; then I got dressed and left the sleeping car. I knew I'd see her some time in the future.

Traveling by train is by far the best way to ride, take it from me....

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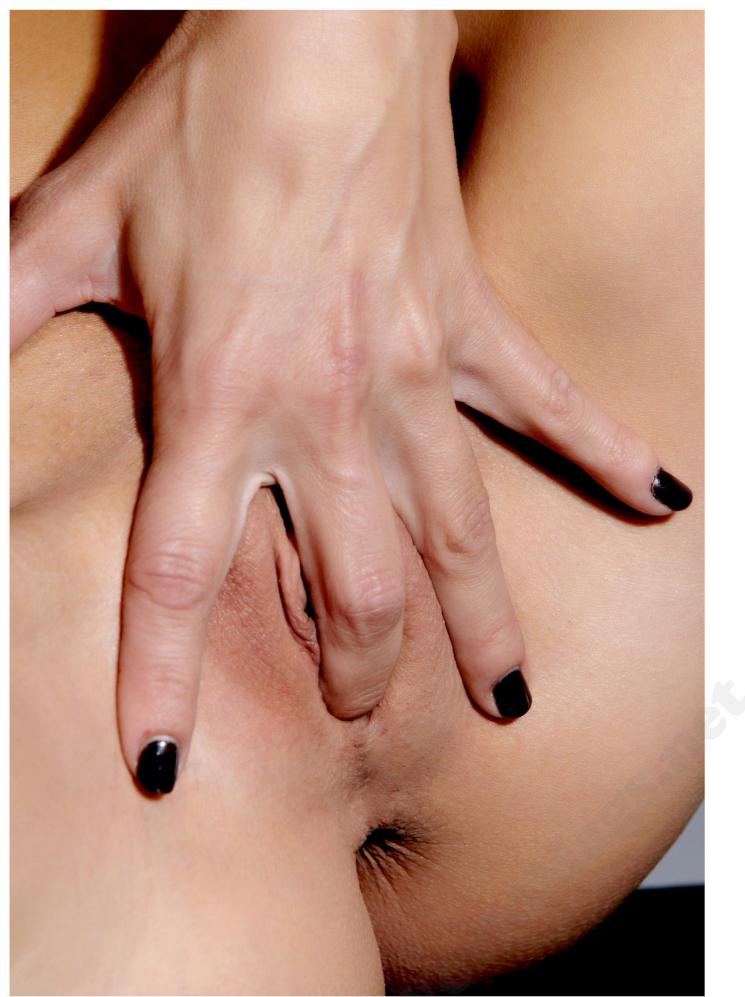












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it was so right

The elegant redhead came around midnight, asking for a room. I told her that we had just one available, and she nod-ded without pleasure. Her low-cut dress drew my eyes deep. She smelled like a delicious spice drifting through an exotic restaurant, and my mouth watered as she filled

Her green eyes sparkled. Her jewelry flashed in the light. Certainly, she wasn't our typical patron. Most women who came to Bauer's Inn arrived with suspicious-looking

businessmen who rented rooms by the hour. But it was the Fourth of July weekend. All the decent hotels were booked. That left Bauer's.

out the registration.

"OK, then," she breathed after signing the paperwork. "Would you please have room service bring me—"

I shook my head. "Sorry, Ma'am," I said, "but we don't have room service here." Her lime eyes flashed at me, and my stomach flipped. My cheeks were turning red, but I couldn't help it. I was attracted to her.

Clearing my throat, I stuttered and handed her a flyer from under the desk. The flyer listed pizza shops and other places that delivered, including Mistress Misty's It was a one-night encounter, but it changed the young girl's life forever

Escorts. I felt like a fool as she politely looked over the flyer and folded it twice. She put it halfway in her tiny purse and said that she'd keep it handy.

"Right." I tried to smile, pulling at a lock of my curly blonde hair. This woman had no problem with looking me up and down. I wondered, Does she see the lanky, pigtailed farm girl everyone around here knows? Or does she see the woman I've become?

Melissa (I had noted her name on the registration) picked up her only bag, and I handed her the key. Our hands touched, and it was strange. I felt a cool, yearning sensation that lingered even after she turned away. Was it just me? I actually started thinking about seeing her again when she booked out in the morning. Then she looked back at me, a devilish look in those sexy eyes.

"Listen-" she read my name

tag. "Listen, Emily. It's so late, you know. And I've never stayed here before. Do you think you could—"

"Show you to your room?" I guessed. I must've sounded eager, but I didn't care. I just wanted to see her, to smell her wonderful scent and feel her presence a few moments more. I was already around the desk and taking her bag before she could answer. My pussy was becoming moist. Deep inside, I felt something. I felt something was going to happen.

Outside, I locked the office door by the glow of red neon light. I remember asking what had brought her out to this shabby little motel in this shabby little town, but I



can't recall her reply. All I remember is her slipping her hand into mine. She said she'd bring her car around later.

"I feel terrible, thinking of you being alone here," she said. "I have to travel a lot, and I despise that kind of quiet."

"I'm used to it," I told her, not much of one for small talk. I just wanted to savor the fresh air and the feel of her hand. My fingers curled around hers, and I detected cool metal. A wedding band. It didn't matter. Something about her was so much larger than life, bigger than convention. I had an urge to kiss her that I could hardly control.

We stopped at her room door. The night was quiet. She turned to face me and slipped her bag from my shoulder, her other hand still entwined with mine. Her lips came so close, her few unbridled locks

silhouetted by neon and the moon. I tasted her breath through my open mouth, felt her breasts brush against mine. My nipples were hard, aching through my cotton shirt. She must have felt them. Her bag hit the ground, and then it happened. For just a moment, our lips touched.

She moved in circles around my areolae until my nipples nearly exploded

I pulled away. "Omigod," I said. Then I said it again. I couldn't even look at her. I dug in my jeans for the master key, but the chain had so many, I couldn't find the right one. My hands trembled, sweaty and

cold. Gently, her hand touched my shoulder.

"Relax," Melissa said. "It was only a kiss."

My eyes burned. "Kiss?" I said. "We didn't kiss! We haven't—"

I got the door open. I reached in, snapped on the light, and Melissa snapped it off again. She took me, pulled me to her at the threshold of her room, and pressed her lips against mine. She held them there, firm and moist. Then, with an almost comical pop, our mouths parted.

"There," she said, leaving me limp and breathless. "Now that we have nothing to argue about, why don't you join me for a drink. You look like you can use one."

I protested. She grabbed her bag and prodded me in, then kicked the door shut. Just like that, everything was dark. I thought I'd scream before my eyes adjusted to the red glow penetrating the blinds. Melissa dug in her light luggage and produced two tiny bottles. "Vodka," she said. "From the airplane."

"I have to get back."

"Why? You said yourself that this was the last room."

I didn't want to argue. Right or wrong, this was where I wanted to be. She'd scared me, but I felt safe with her, too. I smelled my sex, drifting through my moist panties and jeans, and wondered if she smelled it, too. Taking the bottle she'd offered me, I blurted that I'd never been with a woman.

"My best friend and I used to kiss," I rambled, speaking as fast as a used car salesman and just as loud. "But we'd pretend we were boys. Or I'd pretend she was and she would—"

Melissa shut me up with another kiss. She pulled at her sleeves,

and her dress slipped. I saw her creamy shoulders, then her naked breasts. I started to back away, but she pulled my face into her nakedness. I was like a helpless child! But I'd waited so long. I'd waited all my life for a taste, and I found her nipple and wrapped my lips around it. Her fingers swam through my hair. It was so comforting, so right.

"That's it, Emily," she said. "That's all there is to it."

I couldn't stop once I'd started. The taste of her skin and her subtle sweat drove me crazy. Her hours-stale perfume, the softness of her breasts—I can't say these were familiar sensations, but they seemed like it. I wanted more.















She touched my sides to untuck my blouse. It almost hurt to leave her luscious tits, but I did so that she could pull my shirt off over my head. Shy as an angel, I crossed my arms, although really I'm no angel. I even had a bra on. Besides, I'd stripped in front of other women so many times. Tonight was different. This was sex, and it was new again.

Melissa unfastened my arms slowly and looked at my figure. I could hardly see her face, but her eyes glowed. She looked so pleased as she leaned close and unfastened my bra. It fell away, and my petite breasts burned for her. She touched them with her palms. She moved in circles around my areolae until my nipples nearly exploded. I knew what was going to happen. My mouth watered for it.

Melissa's dress had fallen to her ankles. Now she stepped out of her shoes as I guided her to the bed. I

didn't think anymore. I just did what I wanted. She wore no panties, not even any hose. All she had left on her body was jewelry.

I put her on her back. The tired bedsprings groaned. Briefly, my wrist brushed the mound of hair between her legs. The way it felt gave me goosebumps all over. I liked it, and I touched her there again, cupping her with my palm. My fingertips reached, and I felt her moistened inner labia. I stroked her and teased her while we kissed. She moaned a little, deep and sexy like an actress from the '40s.

"I like the way you handle me," she said.

I kissed her throat, her chest and her fluttering tummy. Her legs opened a little as I went down, and I smelled her. Her scent was like the strongest aphrodisiac, and my mouth opened, tongue spilling out to meet her. Her hands were in my hair again as I took the first lick.

Her engorged clitoris felt like a tiny, ripe grape. I tasted it, squeezed it between my lips. Then I looked up at her. I guess I wanted approval or encouragement. Well, I got it. Our eyes met, and she smiled. Oh, how I wanted to please her! As she watched, I put my finger in my mouth and puckered my lips. I felt so sensuous. Slowly, I pulled my wet finger out and touched her.

Before I could stop myself, I went inside her pussy. Penetrating her that way shocked me even more than touching her with my lips. The move seemed so bold, and she felt so warm and ready! After that, there was no stopping me.



I knelt before her, devouring her delightful pussy. Pleasuring her

I put my head back down. Eagerly, I licked her clit as I pushed and pulled and twirled my finger inside. Melissa moaned, her hands all over my head and my shoulders. My knees had slipped to the floor, and I knelt before her, devouring her delightful pussy. Pleasuring her. Her scents and sounds filled my head until it almost ached, and I ate as much of her as I could.

"Oh, babe," she groaned, twisting her body in the bed. "Oh, babe, it turns me on the way you want me. The way you looked at me from the start."

I tried to say something in return. All that came out was a muffled grunt. I'd slipped my hand away, and now my tongue was in her! She tasted too good to stop.

It was all too good. I thought

it could go on forever. Something happened, though. My jeans felt too tight. And my panties were sweltering. I was uncomfortable down there. It was a feeling of need. This was all so new, and it took me a second to understand that desire had crept up on me. Then suddenly, a single obsession clouded my mind.

"Oh god!" Melissa was saying. Her voice cracked. She massaged her clit madly, knuckles brushing my nose. She wanted to come, but my tongue had stopped working. It may have been selfish, but I wanted to feel my pussy against hers. The feeling came on so strong and abruptly. But I had to have it. I had to have it now!







Almost in a panic, I unfastened my jeans and kicked off my shoes. I wriggled and strained until I was naked except for my white socks. I didn't want to take time. Fuck it—the socks would stay!

I got on top of her. She begged me to go back, but I touched my wet lips to hers. Our naked breasts touched for the first time. The sensation of her soft skin against mine was like magic. Still, I couldn't wait. I pulled away and straightened my back. Seizing one of her ankles, put it over my shoulder and slid her other leg under mine. Melissa understood my plan and resigned herself to me. Her head fell back, exposing her strong chin and gorgeous neck, all bathed in a haze of red from outside. I felt the heat of her pussy between my legs. Our fingers intertwined. She held on tight. She knew I'd grind her into oblivion.

My butterfly-wing labia were

already naturally parted. Insides throbbing, I spilled sweet-scented juices as our bodies met. My burning clit touched hers. Our sweaty bodies strained. We pushed harder and harder until I was teetering over some precipice. Slowly at first, I rolled my hips.

Naturally lubricated, our eager flesh worked like a well-oiled machine. Our labia danced, rubbing hard. I saw spots, little bursts of light in the dark. I was fucking her. I really was, and the idea drove me crazy. But I couldn't come. Not so soon. I had to keep the momentum going. And I stared down at this powerful woman and turned her into a heav-

ing mass of flesh.

I loved it! Her body shook all over. She cried out, "Uh—yes, uh—yes!" Her fingernails dug into the backs of my hands. Her torso rose, picked me right up off the bed, and she quaked madly before falling away again. The more she lost control, the more focused I became. I wanted to take her so far that there was no coming back.

The white flashes came back. My pussy coiled like a serpent ready to spring. I couldn't stay dissociated. Not with the way Melissa screamed under me. She was coming! It seemed like she wouldn't stop, and the furrows on her brow deepened. Her open mouth and the heaving of her fleshy chest. . .I couldn't take it. My face flushed. My hands tightened around hers, and it was about to happen. Any second, and I would come!

I joined her screams. My insides tightened one last time, deep and

long. Then, finally, it happened. I was free. Waves washed through me, pussy bursting and heat pouring through me from head to toe. A few seconds, and I thought it was over. Then I came even harder.

When it was all but over, I fell back. Breathless and exhausted, I savored the diminishing tremors of lust as my head hung limp from the bottom of the bed. There we were, two sweaty, oily mounds of flesh. For a few moments, I wasn't even myself. I was just satisfied.

After a few moments, I crawled up the bed next to her. Melissa nuzzled against my neck and breathed deep. I wanted to stay there with her and ask her what she was feeling. But however crappy my job was, it paid the rent. I had to get back to the desk before someone noticed I'd left.

"Don't go," Melissa said as I got up. "Stay a little while and talk."

I shook my head as I searched

for my clothes. "What do you have planned for to-morrow?" I asked.

"Business," she said.
"Work. Yes, I understand."

I felt strange putting my clothes back on. It was like I'd overstepped some bounds. Successful women intimidated me back then, and in the old-fashioned town where I grew up, such ladies were a rare breed. But I looked at her as I went to the door, admiring her naked beauty by dim red neon. I wanted to remember her that way. Strong and bold, beautiful and sensuous. She'd become a part of me. The world had opened just a little, and she'd given me strength in a way no one else could.



































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